HOME LIFE IN KENYA COLONY

Published by

AMERICAN FRIENDS BOARD OF MISSIONS

101 South Eighth Street

RICHMOND, INDIANA

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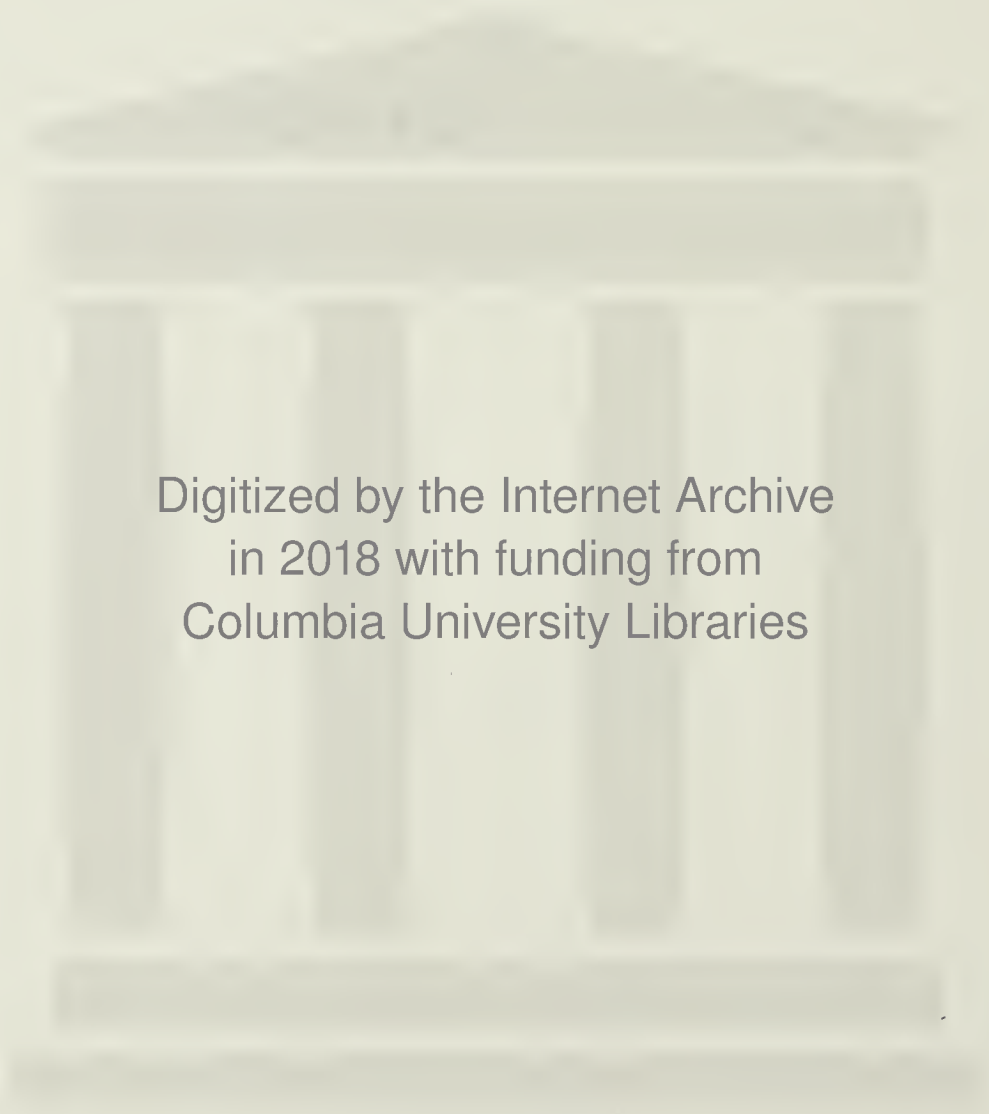
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PREFACE

This is one of a series of pamphlets on Home Life, which taken together make up the fourth in the series of study materials dealing with various phases of life on our mission fields, namely: Education, Religious Life and Economic Life.

The other pamphlets in this series include Home Life in Cuba, Mexico, Ramallah, Monroe County, Tennessee, and of the Oklahoma Indians.

The purpose of this study is to assist Friends to become acquainted with the Home Life in Kenya Colony and to show the influence of Christian training upon the family unit and its place in community life.

HOME LIFE AMONG THE BANTU PEOPLE IN EAST AFRICA

I

This story of the home life of Inyama (meaning meat or flesh) begins when he was about eight years old and we saw him in the court yard of a small circle of huts, two of which belonged to the two wives of his father. The larger hut on the other side belonged to his father's parents. There were several tiny well-thatched huts built up on pegs a foot or more off the ground. These were used as granaries for storing millet, kaffir corn, red beans and mottled black and white corn in order to protect this food from the weather and the rats.

It was five o'clock in the evening and the heavy meal of the day was just over. As was customary, the menfolk and children were served first in each hut, then the wife and mother ate what was left. After eating the men made a log fire out in the courtyard, where they sat about on their stools, whittling out more stools from blocks of a hardwood forest tree, as they talked over the work of the day. The children chased about playing tag until they saw their mothers join the men around the fire, holding the two babies to their breasts for nursing. The wives sat on the ground and the children laid beside them with their feet to the fire. After guessing riddles they asked the grandmother to tell them the story of the Hunchback Girl. Grandmother's story kept the children quiet while the older folk talked about the neighborhood news and the happenings of the day.

It was the end of the dry season, near the time of the new moon. The Bantu people were expecting the rains to come most any time. The two wives of Inyama's father, the grandmother and the older daughters had spent seven hours of the day digging deep into the soil of the new gardens to remove every root and leaf of the dreaded couch grass before planting the early beans, greens and corn. For their digging they used little short-handled hoes made by the neighborhood blacksmith out of iron which was taken from the hillside and smelted. The short handles made the women bend low as they dug away

hour after hour, yet they chatted cheerfully. The little girls, too young to dig, cared for the babies under the shade of the nearby trees, where they made a fire with live coals which they brought from home. They roasted green bananas and sweet potatoes in the hot ashes, ready for the women when they grew hungry, since they did not have food before they went to their work. The girls also brought a gourd full of fresh cold water from the stream. Then they called to their mothers that the babies were hungry. The mothers would nurse their babies as they ate their own food.

The little boys of the two households had been out looking after the herds of cattle, sheep and goats, taking them where the grass was fresh and green along the stream. They, too, prepared and roasted their food while at work. The boys had fun with their bows and arrows and their sling-shots, and often brought home squirrels and birds, boasting of their skill.

As the women and girls prepared to return to their homes, they stopped by the piles of wood which the little girls had collected. With bark cord stripped from the trees, they tied these long pieces of limbs together firmly. Then they made circular cushions of leaves and mosses, wrapped with vines to fit their heads, then each helped the other to heave upon her head these fifty and sixty pound loads of firewood. On top of the wood each woman carried her hoe and a small basket of greens. Then, astride her hip, she carried her baby with her right arm about it. She had no need to hold the wood on her head, as with balance and poise, erect and straight, she trotted down the path toward home. The smaller girls followed with their loads, one carried a pot of fresh water on her head and the other carried a basket of woolly caterpillar worms, the meat for the evening meal. They always carried along with them the little chip or bark of wood with the live coals of fire on it, because they had no matches. On arriving home, each wife went to her separate hut followed by her own daughters and they prepared and ate the evening meal as separate households. The husband ate with one wife and family one evening and with

the other wife and family the next evening. The families worked together in the gardening and care of the herds but, when evening came, each wife maintained her own home for meals and sleeping. Each evening, when weather permitted, they joined together around the fire for the social hour.

What did the men do, you ask? They sat out on the hillside sunning themselves! The older, as well as the younger men, were accustomed to gather on the hillside for the neighborhood gossip. Their court sessions were held there. Also they shaved each other at the open-air barber shop. A candidate for shaving laid down with his head in the lap of the barber or plucker. He seemed to go to sleep while the expert flipped out the whiskers, one at a time, with a twist of cow-tail hairs.

When Inyama came home this particular evening with the three cows, two calves, four sheep and six goats, he found the evening meal ready. The animals were allowed to graze about the grounds while Inyama ate with his father. When they had finished their meal the boys drove the stock into the huts where they were allowed to sleep at the back, leaving the front part of the floor space for the family to stretch out about the fire. As the sun goes down there is no twilight near the equator. Darkness came quickly and the boys hurried back to the fire and the company of their elders.

As Inyama came near the group he heard his grandfather ask a question of his father.

"Murhimu, (meaning spear) What news of the white British officials who have been trying to collect tax money down about Mumias and Kisumu?" asked grandfather.

"They are coming closer and closer," answered Murhimu, "and I heard today that they are now camped in Maragoli country. Bwana Hobley sent out word to all chiefs that they must bring in five rupees (ten shillings or two dollars) for each head of a household. If they refuse he will come and take their cattle to pay for the tax."

"I doubt if our chiefs will do that," offered grandfather.

"Most of the chiefs have already obeyed, but the Tiriki chief, Amatevi, has refused and advised his men to hide their cattle out in the dense forest east of Kaimosi," explained Murhimu. "The men did as their chief advised and Bwana Hobley led his soldiers into the forest after them."

"What happened then?" asked grandfather, and you could tell that he was excited by his son's story.

Murhimu continued the story: "The Tiriki men were hiding in the forest and shot at the soldiers with bows and arrows. Bwana Hobley ordered his soldiers to shoot into the forest with the white men's guns. Two men were killed and Chief Amatevi and some of his men were captured and imprisoned in a high fenced boma or krall. Before morning, Chief Amatevi, by using his long spear, ran and jumped right over that high fence and got away."

"That was good," said grandfather, "now he can continue to protect his tribe."

"But he will yet be caught," predicted Murhimu, "and he will have to pay a big fine in cattle."

The grandfather, who was the family priest and an influential elder in the clan, was troubled by the news. "What are things coming to when we cannot live our own lives in our own country as we want to?" he mused.

Murhimu answered, "Well, father, I felt that way, too, at first. But now, since I see that these officials have stopped the fighting between our Bantu tribes, and the Nandi tribes are ceasing to raid our cattle and carry off our women and girls, I am wondering if the white people are not, after all, making our life easier for us here. You remember you have said yourself that when you were young you had to live inside a walled village with high walls made of clay, with holes here and there to shoot through. Then you had a deep, wide moat dug all around the walls and there were strong gates which you shut and locked at night. That was the only way you could sleep in peace and protect your herds and your families. Isn't that so?"

"Yes, son, that is true," answered grandfather.

"Now, we are not living within walls any more," continued Murhimu, "and there is only one such wall still standing that I know of, the one just north of the Nzoia River."

"Mother and I often talk about the old days," added grandfather, "there was so much bloodshed and the Arabs were continually slipping in and taking our people out at night to sell them as slaves. But still, I cannot help being suspicious of these white people."

Inyama sat as still as a mouse, taking in this conversation and turning it over in his mind. His father spoke again as he cuddled one of his babies and grandfather held the other. "We have been hearing lately about another kind of white people who are living on the hill called Kaimosi. They do not seem to want any of our possessions, but we hear they have built mud and thatch houses as though they were going to stay."

"I wonder what they plan to do!" queried grandfather.

"People say they are very kind and friendly," continued Murhimu, "and they are teaching some of the men and boys to make paper talk, in our language. They are learning to talk our tongue too. Then they tell our people about a wonderful, powerful, big Chief or God, who lives up above us, who made us and the whole world. He loves all people, and does not want to punish us. They say we do not need to be afraid of him like we fear our own Idumi (gods). I do not know what to think of them, but we will certainly hear more about them."

Grandmother voiced the fears of all as she moaned, "Oh, Vayai! (Alas!) I hope our children will stay away from them. Who knows but what they are some of the Manani (giants) that our parents told about, who pretended to be friendly, then harassed our people and ate them. Inyama, do not ever go near them. Do you hear? The spirits of our ancestors would be very angry and would trouble us with an earthquake or plague."

It was bedtime. The grandfather priest invoked the spirits' protection for the night, and they separated with the

customary parting greetings: "Sleep well!" "Sweet dreams!" "Dream of honey!"

Early next morning, shivering in the cold air, the families were just ready to separate to go to their several daily tasks when there was a severe earthquake. The women ran out of their huts with their children, all crying with fear. They laid flat on the ground while the old grandfather tried to explain the catastrophe. He told them that the spirits were angry in the spirit world down in the earth and were fighting with their knob sticks because they were displeased. That was what made the earth shake. Then grandfather, the priest, gave directions for the day:

"Do not go to the gardens to work today. We shall cease all labor and fast, and wail and mourn. Tonight we shall sacrifice a cow and sprinkle the blood on the altars of the spirits in the yard, and on the door posts, to appease the spirits so that no plague will come to us."

Late that afternoon throughout the whole countryside could be heard the sounds of wailing and the beat of drums. No work was done that day by any of the tribe.

About six months later the families of Murhimu were again gathered in the court yard for the evening social time. The men sat on low stools, the women on the ground and the children were lying around the fire. The heavy rains were past and the crops were harvested. They had planted the short crops for the late rains, which had so far been light. The evening was far spent, the riddles had been guessed and the grandmother had finished telling the story of the dividing of the Big Water, a folk tale stemming from the story of Moses leading the Israelites across the dry path in the Red Sea. It was time for the families to separate for the night when Inyama led out in conversation.

"I know I am young to be talking before my elders, but I want to tell you what I saw today as we were herding the flocks." He paused for courage to go on.

The elders were amazed at the boldness of Inyama, but

were more curious to know what experience had given him courage to speak in the family circle. Their expectant silence urged Inyama to continue.

"I have often heard you tell about the white men and have longed to see one. Today I had my wish. I was frightened at first, so hid behind a bush and watched. This white man had a queer shaped basket on his head, long whiskers grew on his chin, and as he walked he seemed to have a wide tail that bobbed about. Donkeys carried his loads and dogs followed him. Africans of another tribe drove the donkeys along. They stopped under the shade of a tree to rest and eat and drink. The white man did not seem fierce so we all went nearer. Some of our neighbors asked questions of his black helpers in the Swahili trade language. We learned that this white man is an elephant hunter named Karamoja Bell. He has killed elephants to the north and east of our country for several years. They said he has a gun that booms with a frightening noise, but every time he shoots an elephant goes down. He has killed hundreds. He cuts off the tails to keep count of the number he has killed. He chops out the tusks to sell for money then lets the people of the countryside have the meat. He has become very rich from all this ivory and he treats the people well. They all like him to come to their country and destroy the elephants which ruin their crops."

The elders had listened carefully to the long story Inyama told. Some of the younger men were interested in the white man and wished they had had an opportunity to see him. They wanted to know more about this white man.

"What did he carry in the queer basket on his head?" asked one of the young men.

"The thing he wore on his head is called a hat," answered Inyama, pleased because of their interest, "and he wears it to protect him from the hot sun."

"Then what was the funny tail?" asked another of the men.

"What I thought was a tail is the lower part of a garment

he wears, something like the animal skins we wear, to keep him warm," explained Inyama. "He wore big sandals too, like you made for me when I began to herd, only his covered all his feet and his legs up to his knees."

"Did he have anything else that was different?" asked Murhimu, Inyama's father.

"Yes, he did!" answered Inyama. "I saw a wonderful thing with two wheels, one in front of the other. This white man sat on a rod between the two wheels and it ran away with him down the path. They called it a bicycle. It was past believing if I had not seen it with my own eyes."

Inyama left off talking, trembling with excitement, and fearing that he had talked too much before his elders. But they were all very interested and asked him many more questions. They knew he was telling the truth because they had heard some similar reports from friends. Inyama's mother felt a fear that her son had been so near to danger. Finally she ventured to ask. "Did the white man notice you, Inyama? And were you not afraid to be so near to him?"

"No, mother, I was not afraid," Inyama answered his mother. "The white man smiled at me and he greeted all of us kindly."

It was past time for sleep and as grandfather rose to go to his hut he reminded the family, "Remember, it is our turn to make the beer for the community get-together and we must begin the process tomorrow; grinding the grain and carrying and heating the water. We want to have plenty of beer and it must be just the right strength.

Another three months had passed. Inyama's family were gathered in the courtyard were they chatted together. The women were smoking their long iron-stemmed pipes. They raised their own tobacco so that smoking was not expensive. The men watched the tiny children as they toddled about without a stitch of clothing except a necklace of beads and an amulet of iron on the wrist with little ornaments containing a fetish to ward off sickness and trouble.

Murhimu asked Inyama a question: "Son, have you seen any more white people?" His question indicated that he had been somewhat concerned about the former meeting described by Inyama.

"No, father," Inyama quickly answered, "but I have heard more about them." He hesitated, but his father urged him on.

"What have you heard, son?"

"Well," Inyama continued reluctantly, "I'm going to make a confession to you which may surprise you, but I hope you won't be angry with me. The other herders have been telling me of a school down near Chief Amatevi's village where the boys gather each morning for an hour or two to be taught by an older boy who has been learning to read and write at the Mission. His name is Nyasa, and he tells them wonderful, true stories about this God of Love who cares for all people of all races. He is teaching them to read and write too, and they sing beautiful songs and say verses about this same God and His Son, Jesus. This teacher even prays to this God. So when I expressed a desire to go and see and hear these things for myself, the other herders agreed that one of them would look after the herds while the others went to school, and we would take turns in going. I have been there several times now and I like the school very much. I want to go every day so that I can learn too. Will you allow me to go regularly? I will come evenings and tell you all the things that I learn there from day to day."

Inyama's grandparents went to their hut exclaiming, "Oh! Oh! Oh! Vayai! Vayai!" They were sure that the spirits would send some calamity on their children because of this new teaching. His parents did not reprimand Inyama, but said that they would think over the matter and let him know their decision later. Inyama went to bed with a happy heart, feeling that he had won his point and there was great hope.

This was the beginning of a new life for Inyama. His family permitted him to attend school and services regularly,

thus opening up new interests and unheard of opportunities. The family saw a gradual change in Inyama from month to month. He brought home to them the most amazing stories and information. They learned to sing the hymns and repeat the verses, the Psalms and the Ten Commandments. Inyama explained the meaning of the words to them.

Inyama became interested in cleanliness and carefully bathed himself in the stream each morning as he went to school. He became sensitive about having no clothes to wear except the one sheep-skin apron affair. He began going to the Mission after school where he was paid for working in the white man's yard or garden. Then with these cents he earned, he bought a strip of unbleached muslin which he wrapped about himself. He now felt presentable to go to school and church. Inyama was very happy and could often be heard singing at the top of his voice as he was herding.

However, at times Inyama was sad, especially when his elders asked him to help with the beermaking, or when there was sickness in the family. One evening when Inyama came home from school he found that one of the younger children was sick. The diviner had been called. He rolled his stones, like dice, on the hard skin and determined that an old neighbor woman, who was said to practice witchcraft, was to blame for the child's sickness. The diviner gave directions for the ceremonies which would enable the child to recover. Murhimu followed the directions carefully: a sheep was killed and the blood sprinkled on the sacrificial stones. The diviner's fee was paid with the meat and some grain. The old grandfather called all the family together to worship and go through the regular ceremonies to appease the angry spirit so that the child could get well. Inyama felt that he could not join the family in this worship and remain true to his newly found God. For the first time in his life he refused to join in the worship rituals and the distribution of the beer. Inyama stood apart from the family during the ceremony and then refused to eat from the meat prepared for the feast. Inyama was distressed because of

his inner conflict between his loyalty to family and loyalty to his new God.

Later in the evening as the family sat in the courtyard about the fire Inyama's mother expressed the concern she felt because her son had not taken part in the family ritual.

"Inyama," she asked, "why were you not hungry this night and why did you not join in the family worship?"

Inyama remained silent. He could feel that the eyes of all the group were centered upon him. He realized that his elders were all waiting for his answer and had noticed that he had not joined in the family worship. He prayed silently for strength to give his answer.

"I hope you will all listen until I have finished talking, and please do not laugh at what I have to say. You know that during the past months I have been telling you the different stories I was taught at school: about Noah, Abraham, Joseph, Daniel and Moses. Also, I have told you about God's great love to all people, so great that He allowed His righteous Son, Jesus, to be born of the Virgin Mary into this world where there is so much wickedness: how He grew up as other boys, then went about teaching and healing, and calling men to leave their sins and follow Him: how He, God's holy Son, was crucified by wicked men who refused His message, but His dying on the Cross made a sacrifice for the sins of all people: how He arose from the grave and went up again to God His Father, leaving His followers to go over the whole world to spread this gospel to others. Before Jesus left, He told His followers that they were to wait in their big town, Jerusalem, until He sent the Holy Spirit to fill them, then they were to be His witnesses. That is why these white people at the Mission have come here, to bring this wonderful message to us. I believe that this Jesus died for me and He is my Savior. I pray to God, the Father, daily in Jesus' name and He hears me and has given me a new heart. I am not afraid of the spirits anymore, as I go to bed at night. He frees me from all these fears. The Ten Commandments teach us to worship no other God but Him.

That is why I do not want to take part in the sacrifices to the Idumi. Also, I feel that the beer-drinking will not please my God, as you know it spoils your minds, and I will never drink it. Can you understand how I feel? I hope that I can help you all to believe in Him."

As Inyama finished speaking, he abruptly said "Good-night" to his elders and went to his place to sleep. He had given the elders much to think about. They could not criticise Inyama because they knew that he was sincere in what he said. They had noticed many changes in his behavior and attitudes. He had improved. He was a good lad. Each member of the family went thoughtfully to bed.

Inyama continued at the Mission school until he had finished their last class. He took the Bible courses along with his literary work. He made marvelous growth spiritually, mentally, and physically. He chose the name of Charles as his Christian name and thereafter was known as Charles Inyama, the teacher and exhorter.

II

About the time Inyama entered school, a number of little schools were opened in different areas of the country. African boys, trained at the Mission School, went into their home communities and began teaching the younger boys of their own tribes. These schools were supervised by the mission and were very helpful.

Shimoli (meaning calf) lived with her parents and older brother in a village about two miles from the mission station. The whole village had heard of the mission school and some of the older boys were attending the school. Shimoli's parents were determined that she should not go to the mission school to learn. It might be all right for boys to go to school and get more wisdom, but girls! what were girls for? Were they not born to serve men? Parents were careful that their girls were well fed and trained to do all the work of the home and gardens in order that they might be sought as wives, thus bringing wealth to the parents. A young man must be willing to pay

cattle, sheep and goats, as well as hoes and some money as a bride price. Therefore, Shimoli's parents argued that no man would want her for his wife if she went to the mission school and learned queer ideas.

When Shimoli was about ten years old, one of the neighbor boys who had been attending school for some time, was chosen to teach a school in their little village and very near where Shimoli lived. The children of the village were excited about the school and, very soon, the girls were learning the songs and stories along with the boys. Shimoli's parents tried hard to keep her from attending the school and learning with the rest of the girls. However, Shimoli seemed determined to take advantage of the opportunity to learn, despite her parents' opposition. After her irregular attendance for about two years, it was proven that she could learn as well as the boys. Other girls were also attending the school and they reveled in this new pleasure, taking their minds off of their daily grind of work, for an hour or two each day.

The girls were thrilled to learn that there was a God who loved them and cared what became of them! That was a new idea, because no one seemed to care much for little girls. Shimoli began to attend the school regularly now and soon went on to the Mission station where she took sewing lessons in addition to the regular work. Shimoli became a real Christian at heart in spite of the bitter opposition of her parents and older brother.

When Shimoli was fourteen years old, her father died, leaving the older brother as head of the household. He knew that Shimoli was young to be married, but he was keen on getting the bride price for her. He was also afraid that the new ideas she was learning would spoil her chances as a desirable bride. The mother agreed to the plan although her daughter was only fourteen years old. So, without her knowledge, Shimoli's brother let it be known that she was eligible for bids and several men, one at a time, brought their cattle for the brother and mother to inspect. They finally decided to let her go to a man several miles away, because they liked his offer of

cattle, sheep and goats. It made no difference to them that the man was old and already had two other wives.

One afternoon, when Shimoli came home from school, she found a crowd of neighbors and friends at her home making great preparation for a feast. Some of her girl friends were in the group. Shimoli was puzzled by all the excitement and asked, "What is happening here?"

"We are preparing your wedding feast," answered her mother.

"But, I don't want to marry," pleaded Shimoli.

The mother answered sharply, "Go with the girls to the river and bathe. Then come and be decorated with shining grease, sesame seeds and strings of beads in preparation for your marriage."

"But who am I to marry?" asked Shimoli.

"Ask no questions, but do as I told you," answered her mother. "Hurry and prepare yourself because you are to go to your bridegroom this evening."

As the missionaries were preparing to have their evening meal, they heard a crowd of people coming from the east, singing heathen wedding songs. As the group neared the mission the weeping and wailing of a girl could be heard above the singing. As the missionary teacher listened closely, she could hear Shimoli's voice calling, Mwegidgi Wange, (my teacher), don't let them take me. I don't want to go to this man. He is a stranger to me. I want to go on to school and follow God's message."

It was a shocking sight to the missionaries as they moved close to the group. Her brother was pulling Shimoli along with a rope tied around her waist and the mother was prodding her with a stick. Shimoli's eyes implored her beloved teacher to aid her. The only thing she could do was to tell Shimoli that her God was able to help. "Pray with us, Shimoli, for your deliverance, and never give up."

About ten days later, as the sewing class was convening,

the mission teacher saw Shimoli coming into the mission grounds.

"Girls, what has happened to Shimoli?" she asked of the class.

"She ran away from her bridegroom," answered one of the girls.

"When they took her to this man's house, he tied her up until it was very dark," explained the girl. "He thought she would be afraid of the wild animals after dark so he untied her, thinking she would stay in his house. Shimoli slipped out and ran to her home. She told her people that she would die before she would stay with him. Day after day they took her back to her bridegroom, and night after night she ran away. Finally he tired of it and asked for his cattle to be returned because she was not worth the trouble she was causing him. Therefore, she was released."

At this time Shimoli reached the classroom and greeted her friends. She was welcomed back to school. Her teacher and schoolmates thanked God for Shimoli's determination to resist.

For two more years Esther Shimoli continued in the mission school. She took training at the mission hospital in child care. She also had classes in the boarding school in home training. Shimoli was a capable girl and a good student, therefore, she was chosen to assist in teaching knitting and sewing to the younger girls.

III

When Charles Inyama was seventeen years old his parents felt that he had arrived at a marriage age. They approached the boy about a very nice girl who was a good worker and one whom they thought would make him a good wife. Murhimu took Inyama aside one day to ask him about it.

"Well son, it's about time you were taking a wife unto yourself. Have you been thinking about it?"

"Um," grunted Inyama, gazing seriously at the ground.

"Your mother and I have been thinking of Chumbi (mean-

ing salt) for you, the daughter of Mugera (river) and Shidudi (dove). She is a hard worker and strong, also, she is a Christian girl. How about choosing her? Shall we ask the church elders to proceed with the arrangements?"

Inyama's dark face became black and determined. He shook his head.

"Why don't you like her?" queried the father.

There was only silence from Inyama.

"Well, then, what about Rhoda?" asked the father.

"Auwa! (no)" answered Inyama.

Murhimu mentioned other girls, one after another. He had suggested about six names, but each time Inyama answered "Auwa (no)."

"Well, then, whom do you want for a wife?" asked Murhimu impatiently.

"Shimoli," Inyama quickly answered with one word.

"So, you have really been thinking about marriage," teased Murhimu.

The church elders were contacted and the wedding was arranged without delay. Inyama and Shimoli had a church wedding, a solemn but happy occasion. These young people had been in Bible and Music classes together and had worked in the Christian Endeavor meetings. This had given them opportunity to know the Christian principles of the other and they had grown to trust each other.

During the first year of their marriage, Charles and Esther lived with Charles' family and both taught in the village school. These young people were as "lights set on a hill that cannot be hid."

When their first child was born, Murhimu helped Charles build a nice mud and thatch home of his own. There were four rooms, with high walls, a door and a shutter window in each room. Charles and Esther refused to allow the cows, sheep, goats and chickens to sleep in their home as their parents had done. They built a special hut to house the livestock. It was a joy to visit this young couple in their home because it was

kept neat and clean. The Mission teacher liked to stop to visit and watch Esther bathe little Jacob in a hand basin and put him out on the grass in the sun to dry. There was no wash rag nor towel, but the baby was clean.

IV

For twenty years Charles and Esther Inyama have lived in their village. They have been leaders and standbys in the church, school, and community. By their consistent living, their teaching, preaching and family visiting, they have helped to establish six other schools and meetings in the surrounding territory. They have eight children whom they have trained well in clean, useful habits, with a sound faith in God.

Jacob, the eldest son, had finished the Boys Boarding School at the mission, the Alliance High School at Kikuyu, and was now nearing the completion of Makerere College in preparation for teaching.

Maria, the eldest daughter, finished the Girls Boarding School at the mission and accepted a teaching position there. She was a very capable girl and very helpful on the teaching staff.

Joeli, the second boy, decided that he would like to be a builder. Throughout the fourth to the eighth grades he took technical training from seven in the morning until twelve noon. He spent an hour at noon with the boys choir, then took literary work and Bible until four o'clock. He then finished his day with sports, Boy Scout work and the Fisherman's Club. After two more years of training in building, Joeli was given his certificate from the Technical School. He also earned a set of tools so that he was ready to start work as a builder.

Two younger sisters were attending the Girls Boarding School. This proved that the Inyamas believed that education was valuable and they wanted their children to be trained in the mission schools.

It was Christmas time and the schools were closed for a month of vacation. It was about twenty-five miles to the Inyama home, but the young people thought nothing of walking

that distance. The morning came for them to start home and they got up early so that they could start before the break of day. How happy and eager they were, each with his bag of clothes and Joeli with his tool box, singing goodbye songs to their school friends who were going in the opposite direction.

The children reached their home before time for their evening meal. As they neared their home, they saw Jacob standing with their parents in the yard to welcome them. The three younger children ran down the path to meet them. It was a happy reunion and there was gay chatter as each tried to tell the others of the things that had happened since they last had been together.

It was the father's turn to tell what he had been doing. Charles lifted his arm and pointed to the wide forty acre fields which he had cultivated during the past year, using oxen for the plowing and weeding, to raise enough money to pay for the education for his children.

Together, the family went inside the house for their evening meal. They continued their eager conversation because they loved each other and wanted to share their experiences with the family. It was indeed a happy home!

It was a good vacation. The older children were busy with plans for returning to schools or for employment. Jacob was returning to his job as head master of a primary school. Maria was going back to her teaching job at the Boarding School. The two younger girls were returning to their classes at the Boarding School. But the most exciting planning of all was for Jacob's wedding which was to take place in another six months.

Jacob had chosen Sara to be his wife. Sara was the head teacher of the Girls' Boarding School. Sara had had a Christian home similar to Jacob's home. Jacob had arranged for Joeli to begin at once to build a nice brick house of four rooms and a veranda for his new wife. There was to be a separate kitchen at the back. Bricks had been moulded in the hand moulds the year before and burnt in the kiln, as they were

taught to do at the mission. Jacob promised to pay Joeli a wage to do this building for him.

Because everybody was busy the time passed quickly. The family was gathered for Jacob's wedding. The house was ready and the family was pleased with the choice Jacob had made for his wife.

About three months after Jacob's and Sara's wedding, the missionary teachers visited them in their new home. As they approached the house, they noticed the well cut green yard with beds of beautiful flowers. The missionaries could not keep from comparing the new home of Jacob with the home of his great-grandfather, where his father, Charles Inyama, grew to manhood.

Jacob took the men to inspect the grounds and to show the construction of the buildings. They saw the spring, cleaned and cemented, with their drinking water pouring from a pipe, clean and cool.

Sara, in her shy, sweet way, took her teachers through the house room by room. She was rightly proud of her home. There were fresh, clean muslin curtains, trimmed with red, at the windows; the furniture was made by Joeli, piece by piece, from the hard satin-wood; there were home-made sheets and pillow cases, embroidered by Sara's own hand, on the beds; there was a neat center-piece on the dining room table on which Sara had crocheted a pretty edging; the table was set ready to serve tea to the guests; they had a nice library started in a book case, with the Luragoli Testament on top. The floors were of cement and had straw mats neatly arranged on them. There was a screened food safe on the cool veranda.

In the separate kitchen, they had built a brick Dutch oven for baking bread and cookies. A cook stove had been made by laying up brick about the iron framework of a cast off stove, and it served the purpose well.

The hearts of the missionaries were full of gratitude as they said goodbye and congratulated the young couple on the home they were setting up in their community.

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